

The Journal speaks of money and violence with malignity against the United States. The we verily believe, were we a community of angels, not only sinless, but non-combatant. It would still, like a spider bear, such venom from its paw, as, like the self-supplying spider, spin it from its entrails. In its issue last received, it busied its malice chiefly in trying to weaken our credit, as it had just heard that we intended to raise \$300,000,000 to sustain the nation's life. Striking at that life, it warned us not to expect one guinea from John Bull's capacious bag, forgetting, however, to mention that the said bag was more laden with debt than money, and was, perforce, pouring out its monthly millions for good to sustain its venerable burden.

On hearing that \$150,000,000 of that loan were taken at once by the banks of three cities only, the Times may learn that, on this point, as on most others, we have no thanks to give or favors to ask. Also, on remembering that twice in our eighty years have we paid off a national debt, while England for one hundred and sixty years has steadily swollen hers; and, in view of our immense resources, as yet scarce in their first development, it may judge that we can raise and pay off a home loan of one hundred or one thousand millions of dollars, long before John Bull shall have ceased to add to his load of four thousand millions. Indeed, he never means to pay it, but grumblingly dumps his burdens, and with Dogberry in the play, says